**I’m Pressing On The Upward Way**

1. I'm pressing on the upward way,  
New height I'm gaining ev'ry day;  
Still praying as I onward bound,  
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

**Refrain:**  
Lord, lift me up and let me stand,  
By faith, on heaven's table-land,  
A higher plane than I have found;  
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

2. My heart has no desire to stay  
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;  
Though some may dwell where these abound,  
My prayer, my aim is higher ground.

**Refrain:**

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,  
By faith, on heaven's table-land,  
A higher plane than I have found;  
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

3. I want to live above the world,  
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;  
For faith has caught the joyful sound The song of saints on higher ground.

**Refrain:**

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,  
By faith, on heaven's table-land,  
A higher plane than I have found;  
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

4. I want to scale the utmost height  
And catch a gleam of glory bright;  
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found,  
"Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

**Refrain:**

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,  
By faith, on heaven's table-land,  
A higher plane than I have found;  
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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